

News from the North

[14]

A

P O E M

On the Late Most Horrible Conspiracy against his

Sacred MAJESTY,

Wherein is given an Account of

James, Duke of Monmouth.

Who was lately seen in

I R E L A N D

ord, Lord Gray, who was surpriz'd at *Wrexham*; together with a True Relation of *R. Rumbold*, and *R. Nelthorp's* Passages on the *Irish Seas*, how they were driven to a certain place called the *Devil's Gulf*, where Vengeance overtook them, with a fair warning, to all Traytors. —

By an Embroyan fancy of Anti-Jack-Presbyter.

None, Whiggish Tyrants, now my Muse descrys?
Death in your steps, and horrow in your Eyes;
Your ghastly Visage doth portend no less?
Than th' *hight in abstract* of all wickedness;
Which acted here on Earth by you alone,
Like *Gorgon's head* begins to turn me *Stone*:
A direful fact! for who could further look?
No further none, for admiration strook:
All *boystrous blast*, that with one Magick puff,
Turns Kingdoms glories to a farthing snuff;
How could you thus in *Royall Blood* imbrue,
We in that Ocean, and yet never rue:
Not the Storms which bred in inward parts
Meth'd our with *Earthquakes* from your trembling
How could ye thus him worthy of death decree,
Whose cheif part all *worthies* planted be; (hearts
Night as boldly ventur'd to deny.

In former times bright *heaven's Sulph'rous flash*
'Gainst such fierce Tyrants surely blows did dash;
Heavens were but vain, if Gods add no supply,
To scourge *usurping pride* from Sovereignty,
No wonder such whilest that on Earth they dwell
In Earthly fetters feel a lasting Hell:
Sad case tho just, that Fathers might disown,
Their proper Sons (if such as *Rouse* or *Hone*;))
If not *Surpriz'd*, Good God! where had they been?
Or *Walcot* here their *Papit* Assassin; —
This wonder far surpasses my conceit,
The Agents vile, how should the Act be great?
Was *Monmouth* base, the holy Saints object,
(whom they can't well in any wise protect;))
But as he was from *Royal blood* descent,
Might be their bulwark and their Ornament.
All this

Nor was his Princely Grace in this so free,
But might be term'd the worst of all the three:
And now that he in Irish corner's lurks'
He'll never joyn in Armour with the Turks;
Who Traytors ne'r admit, for such as those,
They harbour first as friends, then prove their foes.

Sad fate that Princes thus have made their suit,
To gain that favour which is past recruit;
See how that he's demean'd in whose bright eye,
They would the Copy of an Answer spy;
Whom dawn of day hath seen to sit on high;
Him in the dust hath seen the Evening Skie:
Experience that confirms, tho not so soon,
As if our morning Sun must set at noon;
Stars, I confess, when *Phebus* doth display,
The lustre of his beams in midst of day:
Are not apparent, yet in dusk of Night;
They'r clearly seen by that their borrowed light.
Yet one of these by Night I spy from far
That never moves, but when Irregular:
And (the motion being such) I fear,
Will ne'r be seen in all our Hemisphere.

No wonder then, if Sacred Princes are,
Heaven's primate objects and peculiar care:
Since Traytors joyntly thus combine in vain
Conspire their hurt, and do disturb their Reign;
What mischeifs do arise; methinks I see,
That buisy Ketch and Lords can ner'e agree.
So doth he curse those rash attempts of late,
Greys sudden fall, and *Arthur's* dreadful fate;
Death with his pointd shaft, or nimble dart,
First *Janus* like on both sides acts it's part:
At length his Masters like *Alteon's* Hounds,
Pursues in vain, in vain the Trumpet sounds;
There's no Retreat; The one despair surrounds:
The others heart the Kings Attorney wounds.
Unlucky Lord, who felt such Butchers hands,
Such *Tygers* that do far surpass the *Vands*
I think no less but that they would o'r-match
In Execution there our bloody *Ketch*:
There I much more condole thy wretched State
Than here beheaded *Russel's* direful Fate
A day of doom was that by Gods decree:
A day that *Russel* never wish'd to see;
Who in my conscience had he payed his fee:
One blow might well have serv'd instead of three.

(2)

I would impugn his Speech but that 'tis known,
That neither style, nor method was his own:
The Vindication (as it is due,)
We do referr to *Baxter* and his Crew.
But what became of those that lately fled?
What do they still remain unpunished?
The Gods, when they their Ruin had decree'd
Would make it thus their own erroneous deed.
For *Rumbold* here and *Nelthorp* too began,
To steer their course unto the Isle of Man;
(*Storms* soon arise, and raging waves do swell,
By which they'r driven to the Gulph of Hell:
Where Vengeance overtakes our Trayt'rous Foes)
I fear they end their lives in endless woes.

Come now poor Remnant here see what it is,
With your own blood to seal a lease of Blis:
Ye would returne, I know, but that ye fear,
That *Ketch* the Hangman might be to severe:
We must confess, he would rejoyce to see,
You cutting Capers on the Gallow Tree;
And that which should be to your comfort said,
The Traytors now are drawn and quartered.
What greater torment can there ever be,
But to be Damn'd to all Eternitie:
Ah fading pleasure that doth soon annoy!
Oh glorious Title of a foolish joy!
Who would such horrid deaths as these embrace;
See how these *Russians* they do work apace:
Untill the fatall bait is swallowed down,
Wherewith Ambition Angles for a Crown

Lo! the Traytors in those Snares are caught,
Which to inveagle others they had wrought:
I wish if such remain, that they might Swing,
At *Tyburn* like the rest,

God Save the King